virtuous ſatisfaction, that can be ſnatched in this imperfect ſtate, muſt ariſe from well regulated affections; and an affection includes a duty. Men are not aware of the miſery they cauſe, and the vicious weakneſs they cheriſh, by only inciting women to render themſelves pleaſing; they do not conſider that they thus make natural and artificial duties claſh, by ſacrificing the comfort and reſpectability of a woman's life to voluptuous notions of beauty, when in nature they all harmonize.

Cold would be the heart of a huſband, were he not rendered unnatural by early debauchery, who did not feel more delight at ſeeing his child ſuckled by its mother, than the moſt artful wanton tricks could ever raiſe; yet this natural way of cementing the matrimonial tie, and twiſting eſteem with fonder recollections, wealth leads women to ſpurn. To preſerve their beauty, and wear the flowery crown of the day, that gives them a kind of right to reign for a ſhort time over the ſex, they neglect to ſtamp impreſſions on their huſbands' hearts, that would be remembered with more tenderneſs when the ſnow on the head began to chill the boſom, than

even their virgin charms. The maternal ſolicitude of a reaſonable affectionate woman is very intereſting, and the chaſtened dignity with which a mother returns the careſſes that ſhe and her child receive from a father who has been fulfilling the ſerious duties of his ſtation, is not only a reſpectable, but a beautiful ſight. So ſingular, indeed, are my feelings, and I have endeavoured not to catch factitious ones, that after having been fatigued with the ſight of inſipid grandeur and the ſlaviſh ceremonies that with cumberous pomp ſupplied the place of domeſtic affections, I have turned to ſome other ſcene to relieve my eye by reſting it on the refreſhing green every where ſcattered by nature. I have then viewed with pleaſure a woman nurſing her children, and diſcharging the duties of her ſtation with, perhaps, merely a ſervant maid to take off her hands the ſervile part of the houſehold buſineſs. I have ſeen her prepare herſelf and children, with only the luxury of cleanlineſs, to receive her huſband, who returning weary home in the evening found ſmiling babes and a clean hearth. My heart has loitered in the midſt of the group, and has even throbbed with ſympathetic emotion,